

## Civilized Heathen.

SOLACE.

**Y**EAR after year we come around to the Easter-tide with its especial services, music, flowers and chimes. All these things appeal to us in a way, but do we grasp the central thought in its true significance—that the flowers and music are but the wrappings and garments that clothe the thought of a living and present Christ?

If we have not the right spirit within us, our religion becomes only a thing of the emotions. If the hymns and sermons appeal only to our sense; if we are moved to tears by some touching story, but, when the "amen" is said we give our minds wholly to worldly schemes again, going on in the old track of selfish pleasure, we have not yet grasped that truth.

Christianity binds two things closely together—knowing the truth and acting the truth; and if feeling be aroused without passing into duty, our characters become artificial and insincere, and we are not Christians but "civilized heathen."

There are persons who, while they do not actually do that which is wrong in the eye of the law, do not make any effort to seek that which is good. Their aims, ambitions and desires are all for this world; to its conventionalities they cling, and by these adjust their standard of right and wrong. Having made up their minds what sort of a life it will be convenient, sensible and sociable for them to lead, they quietly follow it out, little realizing that they are living entirely for purposes lower than those for which their Maker intended them. They would be astonished at being called heathen, yet it is such lives that are responsible for much of the skepticism of the day. This negative condition of things gives the world its power over men. It sees them trying to argue backward, preaching one thing and practising the opposite, and decides that religion is a form that it can do without.

The atheist is not only he who boasts of his unbelief, but everyone who lives without Christ. One may have all the "outward and visible signs" of religion, but, without the "inward and spiritual grace," he is still a heathen.

Let us remember, at this Easter time, that the all-important question as to how much of a living Christ we have comes down to the question of how much love we have for those whom Christ loved; and so it becomes a question that reaches outside of ourselves, and we must learn to look out upon the world in a spirit of love and helpfulness as well as to look in upon our own souls, as we strive for less worldliness and more manliness, less show and more substance, less luxury and more peace, less vanity and more real worth, if we would have our lives rise above the changes of fortune and our homes rest upon the "rock unchangeable" with living waters in its clefts.

## The Possibilities of Babyhood.

**A**BABY'S accomplishments are as varied as they are numerous. It can keep a household in turmoil all day and in consternation all night, with a provoking self-consciousness that it didn't half try. It has a wonderful faculty of sleeping in the daytime when it ought to be awake, and of being awake in the night when it ought to be asleep. It can wear out a pair of shoes in twenty-four hours and a mother's patience in one.

It can beat the girl breaking dishes by two or three laps, and needn't get out of its mother's lap to do it. It is large enough to occupy the whole of the bed at once, and yet small enough to fall into the coal-scuttle, selecting the time for the feast just when its mother has put on a white, newly-dressed gown.

It will yell like a wild Indian if a pin merely touches its anatomy, and yet it will fall down a flight of stairs and enjoy the bumps and tumbles.

It can be sweet, patient, serene, when alone; yet when trotted out for exhibition, will show much of its mother's temper and all of its father's depravity.

There is a possibility of his having the mumps, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, and measles; of his being good, dying young, and becoming an angel; or of living long enough to become bald-headed and useless. There is a possibility of his becoming Lord Mayor, or something else—more likely the latter. If a girl, she may marry an Italian count, who'll count her out in his various schemes for squandering her fortune.

The boy baby may make a fortune as an inventor, and then lose it by starting a newspaper. He may be nothing but a poorly-clad clergyman at \$500 a year, or rise to the enviable distinction of a fashionable jockey at \$15,000. These are some of the possibilities of a baby.

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One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place —"

"Thank Heaven for that!" yelled the deacon.

"But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening —"

"Thank Heaven for that!" said the absent-minded deacon.

And then the chairman took him out of doors and had two men to sit on him.

*Mrs. Potts:* "Just to think of you talking to me in such a style!—you who used to swear I was an angel!"

*Mr. Potts:* "Look here my dear, that isn't fair; you know it isn't. What is the use of twitting a man about the lies he told fifteen years ago?"

**THAT NEW SLEEVE.**—"How are Miss La Mode and you getting along, Charlie?" asked Jack the other evening.

"I have given up going there."

"Why?"

"Oh, she's so puffed up I can't get near her."

Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many there were at a party as follows:—

"The two Crogons was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and who the deuce was four? Let me see (counting his fingers), the two Crogons was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three, and, bedad, there was four of us, but Saint Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself has it! Mike Finn was one, the two Crogons was two, meself was three, and—and, by my faith, I think there was but three of us after all."

A Scotch divine once took into the pulpit a sermon without observing that the first leaf or two were so worn and eaten away that he could not decipher or announce the text.

"My brethren," said he, "I find that the mice have made free with the beginning of my sermon, so that I cannot tell you where the text is; but we'll just begin where the mice have left off, and we'll find out the text as we go along."

*Jennie:* "I hear that you are going to become a lecturer."

*Minnie:* "The idea! I am engaged to be married."

"Well, I knew it was something of the sort," returned Jennie.

**KANSAS REPARTEE.**—"Did you fall?" said a man, rushing to the rescue of a woman who slipped on the icy pavement this morning.

"Oh, no," she said. "I just sat down to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers!"

*First Village Maid:* "Do you know the new curate has arrived?"

*Second Village Maid:* "Yes, indeed I do. I saw him get out of the train, and followed him home from the station; and what do you think? When he stepped in the mud I saw that horrid Miss Snitkins whip out a string and take the measure of his foot-mark; and I hear that the mean cat has already set to work making him a pair of embroidered slippers."

*Thomas (a lover):* "I suppose, Susie, that there comes to every woman, sooner or later, an irresistible yearning to lay her head upon some strong man's shoulder and give vent to the out-pourings of a full heart?"

*Susie (timidly):* "Yes, Thomas."

*Thomas:* "Well, Susie, if you feel that way, my shoulder is at your disposal."

"Young gentlemen, do not get into the habit of betting," said a professor to the class. "No kind of bet is excusable; in fact, every bet is a sin as well as a mark of vulgarity. Have nothing to do, young gentlemen, with a bet of any kind."

"That, I suppose, puts a finisher upon our dear friend the alphabet," exclaimed one of the students. The professor smiled blandly upon the young man, and gave him fifty extra lines of Greek.

**D**URING the session of a temperance meeting in a country town, one of the persons who occupied the platform was an enthusiastic deacon who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling—

"Thank Heaven for that!"

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